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A
P O E M
ON THE
QUEEN.

By T. N. Gent.

L O N D O N;

Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.* 1695.

13. March.

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May 2, 1927

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A
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Q U E E N.

L
SAY, *Happy Man*, Inhabiter of Earth,
On that Great Day MARIA had her Birth,
Did not the Balmy Aspect of the Morn
Portend the Budding Glory of our Realm?
Did not her Infant Rays the World adorn,
With Luminous Hopes of Golden Days, now past,
Those Days that came so soon, that fled so fast?
Those Days that Reason wishes yet unborn;
Those Days that MARY steer'd the yielding Helm.

Say, *Wretched Man*, (if Sighs obstruct not Words)
 Did not Her Early Virtues shew,
 'Twas an Impossibility,
 So well-endow'd a Soul as She,
 Should to Her Heaven flee,
 Before the World She blest
 Knew of th' inestimable Worth it was posselt?
 She was as Pure (O Heav'n! and must She too
 Obey your Exhalations) like the Pearly Dew.

II.

She did———

 We knew in part,
 In part we knew Her Worth,
 In part the Great Creator's Art
 Saw and admir'd.
 But He, perhaps, (as needs he must) foresaw,
 The Idolizing VWorld would run,
 As oft they'd done before,
 Forfaking the Exhaustless Store
 Of Light, to worship his collected Rays, the Sun.
 To worship for its self the Image which his Hand
 did draw,

He

He saw our Souls already fir'd,
 He saw, and mercifully stopt us there,
 (At once the Objects of his Anger and his Care)
 And using Kindness, tho severe,
 Shew'd us the Gods had not their dwelling here.

III.

'Twere impious then to murmur at their Fate,
 Whom of peculiar Love the Gods translate.
 She trod no common Path to Bliss;
 Nor went a pathless way to Happiness ;
 So went that *Hebrew* Sovereign before,
 Who mildly read the Message o're,
 That he must live no more.
 Obey'd the Dictates of his *Friend* and *God* ;
 Resigns his prosperous *Sword* and potent *Rod* ;
 And carry'd up his Body too,
 As th' utmost Offering
 His stretch'd Capacity could bring
 Or willing Mind could do,
 Where only borrowing its Eyes,
 The shadow of the Promis'd Land survey'd,

B

And

And in an Extasy of Joy he dies,
For those blest Realms above to be enjoy'd.

IV.

Faith was her *Canaan* and *Mount Pisgab* too,
From whence She had the Promis'd Land in view;
By which She Heaven in its Type posselt,
Drew its Celestial Landskip in Her Breast;
That when the dreaded Summons came,
Fill'd in the Fatal Blank with MARY'S Name;
Submissively She bow'd Her Head,
And smiling heard the Language read.
Nor stay'd, but up the Sacred Hill She stept,
Whilst Crowds of grieving Subjects round it wept,
(That Her immediate Bounty or Protection kept
From an abrupt Death ----)
Now gain'd the Top, She view'd the Fluid Pass,
Where the divided Streams let *Israel* through,
Opposing all such Passage now,
* Her Body. Unable to sustain the Ponderous * Mass,
Tho Fairer even than themselves it was.

Nor

Nor could the *Egyptian* † God of old, †Exod. 7:1.
 Tho the All-powerful Rod he sway'd,
 Whose Motions every Element obey'd,
 (*As by his own Prophetick Sense we 're told) *Deut. 34:5.
 Force his own Body through the thin Expanse of
 subtler Air.

Tho by its Journey up th' Ascent,
 It looks as if he meant
 To waft it thence up on the tow'ring Wings of
 Pray'r.

So did She to the Law of Nature yield ;
 She knew that all things to their proper Center
 went,

She knew it must be so, and was content.

No Struggles sought to violate
 That Law that from the first Creation took its date,
 And *Salique* must remain to the Conclusive Stroke
 of Fate.

F I N I S.